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passages in which our Lord speaks of 'the Kingdom' suggest that it is the spiritual Kingdom in the midst of mankind, everywhere present, and attested by the expulsion of the spirits of darkness." The Kingdom of Heaven is not limited in its scope or extent to the Church, yet the Church is the 'outwork,' so to speak, of the Kingdom, and the agency by means of which the latter is visibly propagated among mankind. The relation of the Kingdom of Heaven to Nature is treated in a most suggestive and interesting way. That which we call 'Nature,' with its laws and forces, is but the sensible and material expression of that unseen realm which envelops and surrounds it, and of which it is the outward counterpart and symbol. Angels are more than poetic personifications or mythologic fancies; they are real, actual beings, bearing an active and most essential part in carrying forward the great designs of their and our supreme Lord and King. The relation of the Kingdom of Heaven to the State is next taken up; and finally the qualifications for entering and seeing the Kingdom. These are stated to be four in number; namely, New Birth, Dependence (including Humility and Wonder), Discipline, and Tribulation.

The book abounds in material not only for spiritual meditation and reflection, but also for homiletical instruction, whether from the pulpit, or in the Sunday School or Bible class. To every earnest student of God's Word it cannot fail to be both helpful and refreshing, particularly in these days of Sadduceeism and superficial rationalistic thought.

W. S. BISHOP.

THE BALL AND THE CROSS. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company. 1909.

A recent reviewer of Mr. Chesterton's last story complains that though the author probably knows what it means, he won't tell—at least in the book. For those who, like the present writer, try to read all of Mr. Chesterton's works—and who enjoy them without trying—the meaning of *The Ball and the Cross* does not seem at all hopelessly obscure. Indeed, for anyone who has already enjoyed *Heretics* and *The Man*

Who Was Thursday, the present volume presents for the most part a repetition of the author's favorite ideas. And, by the way, it is a point of interest to all devout Chestertonians to find that the original date of copyright of the present work is subsequent to that of *The Man Who Was Thursday*. The latter is, in the reviewer's opinion, the better work. The question of priority of composition is of some interest.

Like the other romance, *The Ball and the Cross* is a mixture of wild adventure, roaring farce, and religious symbolism. It begins with a theological discussion in an air-ship, whose owner, Lucifer, nearly runs it against the ball and the cross which surmount St. Paul's, London. Here he leaves the other occupant of the ship, an old hermit, who appears again at the end of the story. Then the reader begins to follow the adventures of two Scotchmen, MacIan, the romantic highlander and Catholic, and Turnbull, the rational lowlander and atheist. Because the latter has spoken disrespectfully of the Virgin, the former challenges him to fight, and the story becomes the record of their attempt to do so, in spite of the interference of a world which is too indifferent to either religion or atheism to allow a conflict for such causes. In their flight from the law, the two meet all sorts and conditions of men: the sordid Jewish shop-keeper from whom they buy their swords (it is noticeable that all of Mr. Chesterton's combatants disregard the discovery of gun-powder); the apostle of Tolstoy, who preaches love to them, but "gave the word an indescribable sound of something hard and heavy, as if he were saying 'boots;'" and the little Oxford æsthete, who urges them to fight before his South-Sea idol, and on whom the duelists turn in common disgust. Later, the fugitives escape the pursuing police by the help of a young woman in a motor-car, that goddess from the machine, who conveniently assists so much contemporary fiction. The treatment of Mr. Chesterton's love-stories suggests his own words elsewhere used in regard to Scott, that he writes with "a certain breezy bachelorhood, which is almost essential to the literature of adventure." As a contrast to much of the modern psychologic — and physiologic — discussion of sex this is rather refreshing.

Through these and similar adventures flows a stream of metaphysical and theological discussion, with the beaded bubbles of paradox ever bursting to its brim. One is reminded of the popular modern entertainment in which songs are sung and simultaneously illustrated by moving pictures: the author appeals at once to the eye of adventure and to the ear of philosophy. The two adventurers finally fall into the clutches of an insane asylum and are kept there as lunatics. At the head of this institution is the Lucifer of the air-ship, who, by the way, both in speech and appearance, bears a very suspicious likeness to Mr. Bernard Shaw. Lucifer is gradually forcing the whole population into his care. From this the inmates, while their keeper is attempting to burn them alive, at last escape, by means of a miracle wrought by the small hermit last seen in chapter one. Also by means of this miracle the skeptical Turnbull is converted to true belief—a solution of the problem which is scarcely permissible, even in a symbolic phantasy. It is an unsatisfactory begging of the whole question to make a skeptical character of fiction believe in miracles by the event of a fiction miracle. Mr. Chesterton achieves one result common to all strong and unconventional personalities who write—his readers generally like or dislike him heartily. The latter class will be strengthened in their position by the present volume on account of a certain coarseness and irreverence of speech which does not always have the excuse of strong emotion or intense situation. The frequent use of the name of God suggests the vain repetition of the heathen. The author's heroes are Christian soldiers, but their language smacks overmuch of the barrack-room, and the author himself might be described as the Rudyard Kipling of orthodoxy.

And yet the reviewer is emphatically one who does like Mr. Chesterton. He likes him for his courage, his wholesomeness, his fun, and for his interest—no less sincere than unconventional—in metaphysics and theology. Nor is the writer one of those who doubts the sincerity of Mr. Chesterton's views because of their frequent expression in paradox. A paradox might be defined as the instantaneous photograph of fact moving at full speed. Mr. Chesterton's whole philosophy is,

s he so often tells us, paradoxical in nature, and since his *credo* is fundamentally a *credo quia impossibile*, it is difficult to attack its logic. And yet it is just here that one may find chief reason for disagreement, since, upon a confessedly illogical basis, he builds a scheme which grows more and more logical, until he is forced—according to a passage in his *Orthodoxy*—into a belief in fairies. The force of such a *reductio ad absurdum* apparently never troubles Mr. Chesterton. His fight for belief is so brilliantly offensive that he has no time for the more prosaic work of defence. With his true British courage he never knows when he is beaten. And herein lies his strength and weakness.

L. WARDLAW MILES.

BOCCACCIO. A Biographical Study, with Photogravure Frontispiece and numerous other Illustrations. By Edward Hutton. New York: The John Lane Co. 1910.

Few writers of to-day are as well equipped as Mr. Hutton for undertaking a literary work such as he has given us. He has essayed and admirably achieved an exhaustive biography. His many previous books on Italian history, literature, and art have given him the necessary background across which to throw in luminous relief this most lovable scholar-poet, unquestionably the most human of Italy's three world-poets, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio; to the first of whom he was to stand as world-sponsor, and to the second in some such relation as Goethe to Schiller.

Mr. Hutton has written his book for the general reader as well as for the scholar, and hence the body of the text is comparatively free from any discussion of the minor debatable points that must perforce grow up around a man like Boccaccio. Discussion is more or less studiously restricted to a very free and full use of the footnote. Larger and more vital questions, like Boccaccio's parentage and place of birth, his first residence in Naples and his real relation to Fiammetta, her death, as well as that of his father, and the consequent change in Boccaccio's life and creative activity, are fully discussed in a vivid narrative style. Mr. Hutton's conclusions are, in the main, in accord with accepted criticism; where he differs, he stands squarely by